

Race In Auto Begins

"The first thing to do is to provide transportation," said Carson, in a business-like way, as he embraced and kissed his wife-to-be and seated her beside him on the big davenport. He picked up the phone from the table and called a number. "Hello, is the taxi stand? How much do you charge an hour? That's all right. Now listen here, I want the best car you have. You've always given me the best service, never failed, and your cars were always clean and nice. Now, I've some special work on hand for tomorrow, and I want the best car and the best driver you have. Now let's see—call at my club at five o'clock tomorrow morning—yes, this is Mr. Carson—we'll have to start early. Understand, everything now—all right. I'll be waiting. Now remember—best car and your best driver, sure—all right, good-bye." He hung up the receiver. "That's settled," he said.

For two hours the two young people bent over paper and planned, figured and whispered.

When Carson arose to go, he held a dozen slips of paper, on which were memorandums for the busy morrow.

"See you in the morning," he said as he kissed the girl goodnight. "I'll make arrangements for the license."

The dawn of a beautiful day was breaking as Miss Burroughs heard the loud honking of an automobile horn. She pulled the shade of the parlor aside and then turned and kissed her father and mother fondly and dashed out the front door. The family waved the young people farewell.

The time flew quickly. Within a few minutes Bob and the bride-elect had reached the home of the license officer and, with him, were nearing his office. The granting of the papers was but a few minutes' work, and Bob slipped a five-dollar bill into the official's hand as a reward for his assistance. Half an hour later they were at the home of the young lady's pastor.

He prepared to perform the ceremony. "Will you have a ring ceremony?" the minister asked.

"Bless me!" blurted Bob. "I've forgotten all about that. Wait a minute. I'll rush right down to the Crescent Jewelry Co. and get one. I have the measure—but forgot to get it last night." He was back in a jiffy and the minister with simple ceremony tied the knot.

Bob handed the minister a ten-dollar bill and they started for the door. "Sorry we have to hurry," he said, putting on his hat.

"Blessings on you," called the minister and his wife, as the couple jumped into the auto and were off.

Bob began to consult his slips of paper.



Bob Buys Grace A Wedding Present

As soon as they had left the minister's house Bob said, "Now, my little girl, we are going back to the Crescent Jewelry Co., while I was there the clerk showed me a beautiful little Elgin watch—but I did not have time to get it then. That is going to be my wedding present to you."

"You are such a dear, Bob," murmured Grace, as she nestled close to him in the car. "Even on such a busy day as this you take time to think about getting me a present."

"Well, you are principally to blame for this day, aren't you, dear? I think that you should come in for your share of the results of it."

They were soon in the store and Bob was showing Grace the watch in question. "Well, there is little use in spending much time looking at it, as we all know the merit of these watches. We'll take it," said Bob.

"I should like to show you some particularly nice silverware," said the clerk. "It is always a good thing to have plenty of, especially as you are just starting housekeeping."

"Yes, that's right," said Bob. "We'd better get a couple of complete sets."

They soon found just what they wanted among the wide variety of patterns.

"We hope you will remember us whenever you have anything in our line to purchase—also, when you want any repairing done, as we make a specialty of this branch of our business—and guarantee all our work," said the clerk.

"We certainly will," Grace said.

"Now we will have to hustle along and attend to the house, Grace," said Bob, as they left the jewelry house.



The House And Lot Are Bought

"To the office of the Waterhouse Trust Co., Ltd.," Bob called to the driver and the car dashed forward—and then to his wife: "We're sure to find a good value there. They always have a choice collection of properties listed."

As he finished the sentence the auto drew up before the office and they hurried in.

They were met by Mr. Newcomb. "Suppose we're a little early," said Bob, "but you'll have to pardon us this time—we'll probably never do it again. By the way, this is Mrs. Carson. Just married," said Bob, "and now, we want a house."

"Congratulations," said Mr. Newcomb. "I'm sure we can fix you up. Before we go to 'the' house which I am sure you will want, I am going to show you through the beautiful Halelana tract, in Manoa valley, it is not much out of the way and is well worth seeing—and you might like to make a purchase there, also."

They sped out Wilder avenue, taking in the lovely Spreckles tract, and thence to Manoa.

"Both of these properties are pretty fine, but as we must have a house—and today, at that, don't think we'd better spend any more time here just now," said Bob.

"Very well," replied Mr. Newcomb, "now we'll go to Royal Grove, Waikiki. There I have a piece of property which I think is just about what you want."

They were soon turning into Prince Edward avenue and presently drew up before the house in question. Mr. Newcomb showed them all the features and they both seemed delighted. After a whispered conversation with Grace, Bob closed the deal for \$3500. As he left he pinned a number on each room and took the keys.

"Sorry we haven't time to take you to home breakfast," he called back, as he followed Grace to the auto.

"If you want me, phone my office," said Mr. Newcomb.



This is the House That Bob Bought.

They Take Out Fire Insurance

"By George! I just remembered that Newcomb suggested that we return to the office of The Waterhouse Trust Co. and take out some insurance to cover our new property," exploded Bob. "Let's hurry around there right now and get it done. They know how to insure things—and father says they offer excellent protection."

The auto soon rolled them up in front of the office. They were soon in the office, Grace following Bob in. She did not like to sit alone in the machine—and felt that she should begin to learn a little about business so that she might be of assistance to her husband in the future.

"We are agents for the leading insurance companies," said Mr. Benner, who was in charge of the insurance department. "How much insurance would you like to put on your property and furniture?" he continued.

"About ten thousand dollars," said Bob, after a moment's deliberation.

Then followed a few questions as to the location of the house and the nature of construction, etc. Mr. Benner then quoted them the rate for a period of three years.

"Why, how inexpensive it is!" exclaimed Grace.

"Yes, it costs very little," said Mr. Benner. "But people seem to appreciate it only after their property is burned up. Our companies have never failed to give satisfaction in taking care of all claims very promptly," he said in conclusion, as the remaining details were being adjusted.

